

KIDNAPED

One Story Leads
to Another

By SILAS ARMSTRONG

"Mark," said Mr. Chandler, "here's a cent; go get me a paper." It was 6 o'clock in the evening, and day and night were mingling. A boy, who was ten years old, started for the paper. The walk before him there and back would require about ten minutes. Twenty minutes passed and he had not returned. His mother began to grow anxious. Her husband laughed at her. Dinner was announced, and still no word from Mark. Mrs. Chandler insisted that the father should go to the newsstand and make inquiries. He consented and learned that the boy had been there, bought a paper and gone away with it in the direction of his home.

This is what happened to Mark. While walking home a carriage drove up to the sidewalk beside him, two men alighted, seized the boy, put him into the carriage, got in with him, shut the door and were driven away. There was not a person near to see what had been done.

Mark Chandler was a very bright boy. He was a boy's boy, not a girl's boy by any means. He had no use for indoor playthings, except that in the garret of his home he had a workshop and various electrical contrivances. He knew nothing of electric theories, but had played with batteries to turn miniature mills, ring bells and make tiny lights so often that he had become quite conversant with the adjustment of wires. His other amusements were baseball, football and in winter skating. Altogether Mark was as well calculated as any boy of his age to take care of himself.

He knew he was being kidnapped, and from the lingo in which his captors conversed he judged they were Italians. Of course he was terribly frightened, but it didn't take him very long to recover his equanimity sufficiently to notice the direction in which he was being taken. He had been about the city more or less and knew some locations. But he was not driven in a straight course and soon lost his bearings. It was in the spring of the year, the length of the twilight had considerably lengthened, and the boy could see landmarks if he only recognized them. Presently he passed a rink where he had skated. After this the carriage turned down a broad avenue, which he distinctly remembered, but did not know its name. The lamps were lighted, and he saw the names of the streets crossed. Bogart street was one of them, and into this the carriage turned. Not far from the corner of the street and the avenue the carriage stopped at a large house. It stood alone and had the appearance of being unoccupied. Mark was taken into it by a back door, but there were no lights, and after passing through a basement hall and up a short stairway he found himself in a handsomely furnished room in which a gas jet was burning. Besides the two men was a woman, a veritable hag, and though he understood not a word of their talk, he knew that the men were turning him over to her as his jailer. After a brief consultation the two men went out of the room, followed by the woman, who locked the door after her.

Mark threw himself on a lounge and cried till she came back with some bread and a little butter and sugar on it. She told him in Italian-English not to cry, giving him to understand that he would be well treated. This helped him to recover his equanimity, and he ate the supper she had provided for him. Then she took him upstairs to a large bedroom, in which the gas jet was turned low, and told him to go to bed. When the man who had been there the day before came again the woman showed him the letter. When he came to the postscript Mark saw that he was talking to the woman about it. They finally seemed to agree to let it stand, probably considering it of any importance, rather an advantage to them. The man replaced the letter in the envelope and took it away with you have read it."

When the man who had been there the day before came again the woman showed him the letter. When he came to the postscript Mark saw that he was talking to the woman about it. They finally seemed to agree to let it stand, probably considering it of any importance, rather an advantage to them. The man replaced the letter in the envelope and took it away with him.

Meanwhile the Chandler family were in a continual agony. One afternoon, on entering his house, Mr. Chandler found Mark's letter that had been slipped under the door. With it were instructions as to how to pay the ransom. The postscript arrested Mr. Chandler's attention at once. He surmised that Mark had been forced to write the letter and the postscript. At any rate, he had no idea of burning the letter. But in time he began to wonder as to its meaning. Then he remembered his father's story of how he had used lemon juice to effect his escape from prison. He held the letter before a hot fire and the problem was solved.

The same night, with a force of police, Mr. Chandler broke into the house and made a thorough search. They found nothing and hope was beginning to desert them when they entered the basement. Hearing them, Mark began to shout. Mr. Chandler raised the lid of a stationary wash tub, and Mark jumped into his arms.

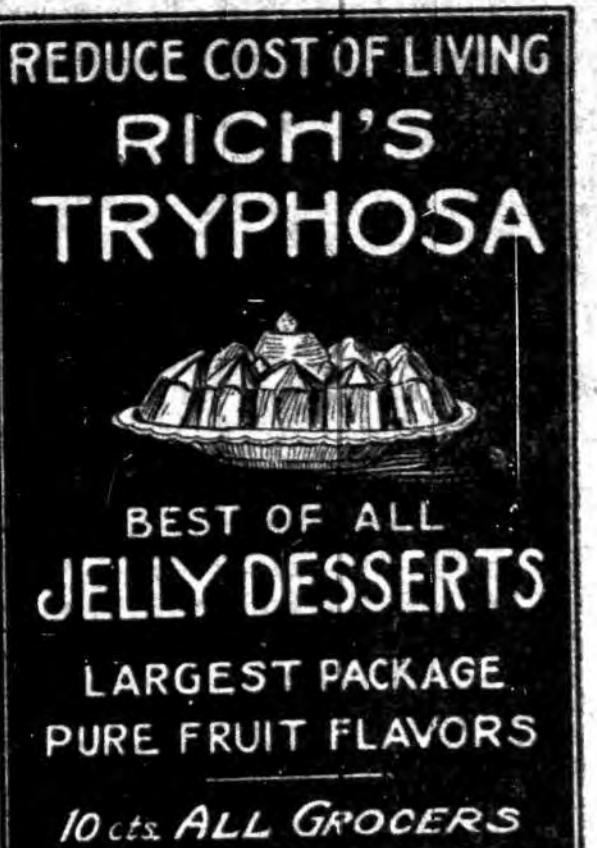
The police took care of those they found in the house, and Mr. Chandler took the boy home to his mother, who smothered him with kisses.

"How did you happen to think of the lemon juice racket, Mark?" asked his father.

"I wouldn't have thought of it if I hadn't remembered grandpa's prison story."

There was no use in the kidnappers putting in a defense, for Mark identified the woman and the man who had taken his letter, and they are now serving a term in state prison. The other man was never found.

Early in the morning the woman awakened him and took him out of the room he occupied. She had no idea of letting him stay in the daytime where he might attract the attention of those outside and communicate with them; she took him downstairs to the kitchen, where she gave him something to eat;

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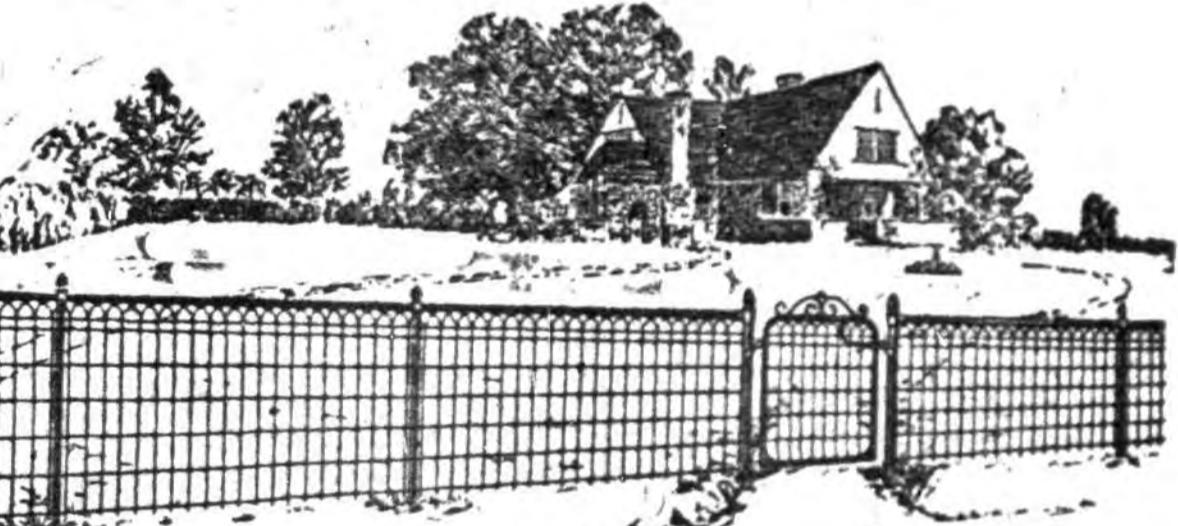
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Frost.

White frost is the ordinary frozen dew or hoarfrost. Black frost occurs when the cold is so intense as to freeze vegetation and cause it to turn black without the formation of hoarfrost.

Her Influence Outlived Her.

"Why did the widower break his engagement to be married?"

"He feared that he hadn't picked out the kind of woman to suit his wife."—New York Press.

